

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

The Just Judgments of God

By BRIGADIER JOHN MERRETT

1 Kings, xi, 1 But Solomon loved many strange women (together with the daughter of Pharaoh):

V. 2 Solomon clave unto these in love.

V. 3 And it came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned his heart away after other gods.

V. 9 And the Lord was angry with Solomon.

V. 11 Wherefore the Lord said unto Solomon, forasmuch as this is done of thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and give it unto thy servant.

V. 12 in thy days I will not do it. but I will rend it out of the hand of thy son.

1 Kings, xi, 26 And Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, Solomon's servant, lifted up his hand against the king.

V. 27 And this was the cause.

V. 29 Abijah the Shilonite met him in the way.

V. 30 Abijah caught his new garment, and rent it in twelve pieces.

V. 31 And said unto Jeroboam, Take ten pieces.

V. 35 Because I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give unto thee even ten tribes.

V. 37 And I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all thy soul desireth, and shalt be king over Israel.

V. 38 And if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, I will be with thee, and build thee a sure house, and will give Israel unto thee.

1 Kings, xii, 20 And it came to pass when all Israel heard that Jeroboam was come again, that they sent and called him unto the congregation, and made him king over all Israel; there was none that followed the house of David, but the tribe of Judah only.

V. 25 And Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return unto the house of David.

V. 26 If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem.

V. 28 Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, Behold your Gods, O Israel.

V. 30 And this thing became a sin, for the people went to worship before the one at Dan.

"In Ramah was there a voice heard; lamentations, and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." Whether in palace or humble home, no more pathetic sound is heard than the agonizing cry of a mother weeping over the death of her offspring. Sorrow beyond human consolation! One of life's greatest tragedies!

Our frontispiece this week illustrates just such a tragic event in the home of one of Israel's earliest and most wicked kings. Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, had been stricken down with a very serious illness, and the king had persuaded his wife to disguise herself and go to Shiloh to consult Abijah the prophet regarding the outcome of this illness.

Instead of receiving the desired comfort and assurance of recovery the prophet warned her of the impending destruction of Jeroboam's house, and told her to go back home at once, as her child would die as soon as her feet entered the city from whence she had come.

Our artist has strikingly portrayed the fateful moment of that heartrending event. Who can describe the pangs of grief and anguish, or answer the questions of the queen's mother heart? "Why? Oh Why? Oh Why?" Can no one answer these heart cries?

"Why was my child taken from me?"

It may be necessary to look back a long way to find an answer. Possibly Solomon could explain the reason, or in his conduct we might find the cause.

If he had been true to his God, and not played the fool, the kingdom would never have been divided, and Jeroboam would not have been appointed as king over Israel.

Surely Solomon's sin was primarily responsible for the death of the lad!

Or Jeroboam himself? Can he escape



"Go, tell Jeroboam—'Thus saith the Lord God --- -- -- !'" (1. King XIV. 7.)

(Continued on page 2)

A HUNDRED-FOLD

This is not a Salvation Army story, but it has so distinct an application for us of The Army that we venture to pass it along.

It concerns a little church away in the Australian bush country. The said church had prospered that an extra room was needed for kindergarten work and for a vestry. The people gave of their small means generously to build the children's room. But when all was counted, more funds were needed than had been given. The people were informed that there was not enough in hand to begin building. Among them was the young woman whose task was to care for the little ones, and her heart was full of fears lest the room should not be built. Pondering, as she walked home, whether there was anything more she could give, she thought of her richest possession. It was in her "glory-box," or "bottom drawer." Her dear mother had made it, working it with her own fingers during many months. It was a glorious lace and linen super-dainty, the glory of her "glory-box." Could she give it, for His sake, and the children's?

The sacrifice was made, and with courageous hands she carried it to church and laid it on the Communion Table, her extra gift.

The stewards were puzzled what to do with it. None was rich enough in that congregation to buy it. Perhaps the steward might buy it. So they waited upon him.

"What do you want for it?" he asked. "Five pounds," they answered. "Oh," said he, "I'll get you twenty-five pounds for it. I'll raffie it and get you at least twenty-five pounds."

"Ah, no," said they, "we do not practice raffing ourselves, and we would not like to waste money that way for God's work. It's for the Church."

These Pious Methodists

The stewardship was huffed at these pious Methodists with their objections to an innocent raffie. So he refused to help them, and the cloth was not sold.

Some time after, a minister was visiting that little church and heard the story of the progress of the work, the need of a room for the children, their failure to raise enough to build, and of the "glory-box" cloth.

"Perhaps," they said, "someone in your big city congregation might buy it."

"I'll try and sell it for you," said the preacher. So in his suit-case he carried home to his city paragon the cloth from the bottom-drawer of a Housewife's chest at first glimpse, but she could not afford it. On the Sunday evening, preaching on "Sacrifice," the preacher told of the country church the devoted teacher, and her gift from her "glory-box," and the people were deeply touched.

At the Ladies' Church Aid Meeting on the following Thursday, after the usual meeting and business, the minister again referred to the cloth. He had it with him to show its beauty.

To his surprise, three ladies wished to buy it. One wanted it for her own daughter's "bottom-drawer." Another wanted it to give her a wedding present. But the third lady said, "I don't want it for myself, I want it to send back to the dear old lady who gave it, and here is five pounds for it, and extra for you to pay register, post and send it to her at once."

The glory cloth was sold—and returned with five pounds also—the Lord's staffed for the giver who gave it for her dear sake.

And her application? Well, is there any need for us to stress that point? "There is that giveth yet increaseth," said the Master, and we will leave it at that.

Saty—Always the Best

Does one's duty is not just a matter of asking sure of the reward, and it is no matter of comparison with another's achievements. A man of the name of Maydole was known throughout the States as an expert hammer-maker.

"I've made hammers," he said, "for twenty-five years." "You ought to make a pretty good hammer, then, by this time," said his interviewer.

"I've made the emphatic reply, 'I've made a pretty good hammer—I make the best hammer in the United States.'"

The Woman of the Doorway

As told by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich

Suddenly the Officer on the platform lifted his hand, and pointing to the pitiful visitor, said, "That woman is coming to God to-night." It seemed a daring act of faith, but verily it was a miracle before we could begin to walk to the Mercy-Seat. A shining glory appeared to be moving with her as she came.

WHATEVER the odds may be, any man or every man or woman can be saved. It was one Friday night away in the South of Old London. It was a pitiful night, foggy, cold, miry, slippery—a wretched night.

I saw her standing in the doorway of the hall. What a figure she was. Could it be, Lord of all pity, that she had ever been an innocent, clean, pure-minded girl?

Only one foot was shod—I could see that from where I sat—her other foot was but scarcely covered with a bedraggled, besmirched stocking. Altogether down at heels she was. Her torn frock was besmeared with the filth of the streets, her blouse was all awry. There she stood, her bare arms on hips, a totally heart-sickening wreck.

Her face! How can I describe the horror of it, the miserable horror of it?



A policeman shadowing her as she went.

The bloodstained of the cheek, the blur of the eye; the frowns laid—already greying with what one could imagine to have been a life of sin.

For a moment she stood by the door, swaying as she stood; then, with a shrug of the shoulder which was almost pitiful in its disdain, she turned away, and left us to make her way to the beer-saloon at the corner, a policeman shadowing her as she went.

So drunk was she that even the bartender refused her the drink she craved, and so, she came back to us, and again stood by the door of the Hall.

Quite a casual story, is it not? No evidence at all, up to now, that the wailing Spirit of our Lord had been in view, was even then gathering her in His arms to lead her to the Place of Cleansing.

The people of the Meeting had become used to her presence; dirty and drear as she was, she had not caused them much agitation, for was it not The Army Hall, and did they not believe that even such as she could find healing and God?

The speaking was done; the praying

had commenced, and the leader of the Meeting was making a touchingly, eloquent appeal. Nobody seemed willing to respond. It seemed as though we were all waiting for the waters to be troubled, and as if the rustling wings of the visiting angels were becoming more and more audible.

Suddenly the Officer on the platform lifted his hand, and pointing to our pitiful visitor, he said, "That woman is coming to God to-night." To some of us it seemed a daring grip of faith, and involuntarily we lifted our eyes to see what would happen. Verily, it was a miracle before us.

"That woman is coming to God to-night," he repeated. She seemed to awake from a stupor; one could almost see the shudder which passed through her drink-enfeebled frame; then it was as though she pulled herself together, and she began to walk to the Mercy-Seat. By this time all the Meeting was watching in awed silence. Slowly she moved that long, low, tottering and lurching as she came. But the pitifulness of that swaying gait was lost in the shining glory which appeared to be moving with her. Was it the Real Presence of the Son of God, that you?

Then with a thud which was heard all over the Hall, but which took on the sound of a burden rolling away and of shackles being loosed, she knelt at the Pentitent-Form.

I will not tell you about the next few moments; they always are to me as a sacred episode between the Saviour and the Sinner, but even now as I remember it, comes back to me that other sacred picture—"She began to wash His feet with her tears."

And the burden rolled away; the shackles were broken; the bear of the eyes was giving place to a holy shining. "And He said unto her, 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

Glory be to His ever blessed Name, the end of the tale is not yet. There is no ending to the tale of His love, nor to the story of those who really know Him as their Saviour. The days rolled by; the home that had once been a place of shame and squalor became a veritable haven of salvation; the children that had fled at the very thought of their mother's approach ran to meet her at her coming. The husband, fine decent man, who had borne a burden of private sorrow for years until it developed into a vast load of public shame and scandal—be, with his transgression, he came to the same Saviour.

And the circle widened, and widened—the tide flowed and flowed—until other relatives and neighbours heard of the deliverance that the Lord had wrought, and they also were delivered.

But still she was the woman of the doorway; not now halting on the threshold, but standing there welcoming the others who were sinful and fearful. There was a woman who was a sinner, but

"In the sky, after tempest,
as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the anubams
as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one,
'Her sins were forgiven,'
And Mary went forth
in the beauty of heaven."

The Cadets' Band at Portage

Brigadier G. Carter leads inspiring weekend

JUNE 9th and 10th were the dates slated for the Cadets Band to take their initial trip as a band—so as to get it in before the end of the Session, the goal being the Mid-Prairic City of Portage la Prairie. Due to the untiring efforts of Adjutant John Sharp and Bandmaster Burkett all arrangements were well in line.

Four cars were requisitioned and the men travelled down by road, thus allowing an opportunity for a short stop-over an hour, where a little was done in the way of enlivening the general store and the garage with Salvation music.

Portage was reached in time for supper and after acquainting themselves with local hospitality, the Cadets were ready for the Open-Air Meeting on the historic Main Street. A magnificent crowd gathered around and listened attentively for over an hour, and would have done so much longer, but for the untimely arrival of a heavy shower of rain.

Sunday was a very busy day—as all visitors to Portage know. The Jail Meeting first thing in the morning was a blessing to the visitors, and at the close of the event nine men voluntarily raised their hands for prayer. (Who can estimate the value of such Meetings?—Ed.)

Separate morning Open-Airs were held, with the two Bands—Corps and Cadets—uniting for the march to the Citadel, where the Holiness Meeting was conducted by the Garrison Principal, and during which Cadet Hillary gave the main address. The Garrison Quintette rendered "Lord, with us may all I part." Two brothers came forward.

The Clouds "Hung-up"

The Old Folks Home and Annex were visited in the afternoon, as was also the Boys' Industrial School. The announced Park programme had to be delayed for an hour owing to another heavy down-pour of rain, but ultimately, much to the pleasure of the Cadets and the joy of Adjutant Sharp and the local comrades, the clouds "hung-up," and a thoroughly enjoyable programme ensued, a good crowd being in attendance.

A well-filled Citadel was the happy event for the evening, when the Principal again led the troops. The combined bands rendered "Attonement," and the Salvation message was delivered by Cadet Arthur Allan.

The Portage share in the items of the visit was concluded by a Meeting at the City Band-stand: the combined Corps and Cadets Band were in this event and the Quintette again took part. It was a fitting finale to a happy and blessed experience—when the Cadets arrived home at the Garrison in the "we sma' hours" of Monday morning.—G.B.

"The Right Sort of Chap"

HAVE you ever heard the story of the Officer who was told by a policeman that he was wanted at the police office? A man had been charged with a minor offence and had sent for him to speak for him.

Now, it is not an unusual call, this, to be made on an Army man, so he went; but when he arrived and looked at the prisoner, he did not know him from Adam. The magistrate said, "This man has for you to speak for him. What have you to say?"

The kind-hearted Officer, with a real benevolent smile, murmured that he had "nothing whatever to say against him." "Very well," said the magistrate to the accused, "you can go. You see what a good word will do for you."

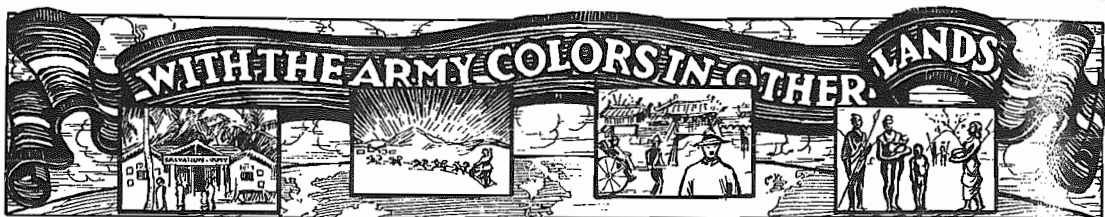
Outside afterwards, the Officer said to the man, "What on earth did you send me for? I've never seen you in my life."

And the man (here we drop the joke) replied, "You see, Cap'n, I heard you talking about Jesus Christ on the street, and I thought you was the right sort o' chap to help a feller in trouble."

Now while there is some fun in this story, and we are not quite sure that the Officer spoke up as he should have done, there is a bit of truth in the "feller" who knew he could turn to The Army in his trouble; to the man, that is, who was "talking about Jesus Christ."

"Fresh Air Sunday"

The Prophet Nahum said, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one another in the broad ways; . . . they shall run like lightning." (Chap. 2, V. 4). And surely his way has come to pass. Well, why not get the boys and girls out of harm's way for a few days, and give them a chance at The Army's Fresh Air Camp? See page 12, also "General Order" on page 6.



FLOWERS FOR REMEMBRANCE

A Pitifully Charming Story of Mothers' Day in Paris

It was Mothers' Day in the great and beautiful city of Paris and there were those who remembered the Mother of Jesus, and the mother, too, who brought them into the world. In The Army Salle Centrale all day long there were flowers—white, fragrant and beautiful—and all in remembrance of the mothers. There was joy in some mothers' hearts and pain in others. We had seen mothers young and old; comely and careworn; and daughters—hundreds of them—sheltering under The Army's protecting wing.

It is a good thing to have flowers brought to you with smiles and kind words and blessings. It is good if you deserve

LETTERS FROM CHINA

"Faithful at our Post of Duty"

ALMOST in spite of ourselves we find our thoughts constantly turning towards our Army comrades in China, and every now and then our good and comradely—also prayerful wishes are bestirred towards them. Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie is in part responsible for this. We have been permitted to see a letter which he recently addressed to our own Commissioner. In his own characteristic style he says: "We are having a ding-dong time in China; murders, slaughters, beheadings, train smashings, executions and revolutions, until one is lost in the

resting in God, and so manage to go forward."

The Commissioner tells of a visit he paid to the Northern Region where it had been impossible for a Headquarters Officer to visit within the past three years. "The whole countryside," he says, "is greatly disturbed, and soldiers beset us everywhere, as well as policemen and other authorities demanding passports, and wanting to know what mischief had prompted us. However, we won through safely, and rejoiced over a total of 173 souls at the Mercy-Seat."

Lt.-Colonel Barnett, the Chief Secretary, whom we hope to see in our midst one of these days on his journey to England, writes an interesting and thrilling tale.

Greetings to Canada West

"You will have read of all that has been taking place in Tsinanfu. All through that war and bloodshed we have had two devoted women Officers keeping before the people the great truths of the Gospel. Commandant Dadow, one of them, hails from Australia; her companion is Captain Rains. Captain Grace Hodiott is doing well, and we send our own and her love to her parents, and all others who think of us and pray for us."

"Things are a little more unpleasant now than they have ever been. Our work is greatly crippled because we are in the midst of the contending Armies. The people are strung up to top-notch, and even our Chinese Officers are affected by the spirit of the times—which is but natural. However, we are facing all these difficulties with a hopeful courage and with an exceeding joy in the service of God."

MAKING THE DESERT TO BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE

The Coming of The Army and the Kingdom of God in Africa

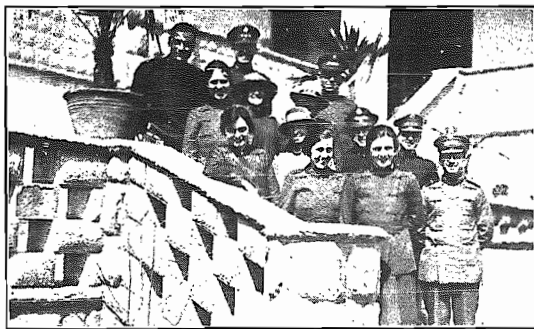
The inauguration, by Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot of the Native Women's Social Work on the Rand, and the opening of an institution the which is to serve a double purpose—a refuge for women in cases of distressed native women and a hostel for those needing accommodation—marked an epoch in the history of the Native Work in South Africa.

Included in the large attendance of Europeans assembled in the well-laid out and gaily decorated quadrangle, were well known figures among those interested in the well being of the natives. Seats had been placed in the welcome shade of some trees in one corner of the court mentioned, which, in the bright sunlight, with the streamer flags flying, the varied flowers and foliage, and the numerous guests conversing in groups, presented an animated scene. Music was furnished by Native Bands drawn from a number of the Corps Bands along the Reef.

An Urgent Need

Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for the native work, spoke of the urgent need there is for The Army's Social Work among the native women, especially on the Reef. This centre would serve the native and colored communities of Sophiatown, Vrededorp, New Clare and Newfield where, as Staff-Captain Peterson, the Officer in charge of the work can testify, the poverty, degradation, sickness and squalor beggar description.

The Staff-Captain's labor of love in which she is faithfully assisted by two native women Officers, Captain Butelezi and Lieutenant Clee, includes the relieving of those in distress, tending the sick, rendering first aid, ministering to the



Missionary Officers in Peking among whom are faces familiar to Canada West readers.

it all. It is good however great the pangs, if you do not deserve it. But there were some present who had no one to bring them flowers.

One poor mother in the building, wept bitter tears. She had a child—a wayward girl—but she was not there, and, though others brought her flowers, they were not from the hand of the one who had strayed from home. So, typifying the broken-hearted mothers' forlorn and comfortless face, she wept.

When the lights were being lowered there were flowers left and they were given to two tall Englishmen in Salvation Army uniform and our comrades carried them. It was very late and we proceeded the nearest way, which was not the brightest, to our sleeping place.

The long, dark street was deserted as we passed along together. Not altogether so, for out from the shadow flits a fair form. It is a poor girl of the street, "Messieurs," she exclaimed for a beginning, "Messieurs, the flowers."

At first she did not realize that we were Salvationists. It was business with her, such a sad business too for one so fair and frail, and with signs of trouble about her, despite her attire and paint.

"Yes," said my comrade who carried the flowers, "they are flowers. Would you like them?" "Yes, Monsieur," said the child wonderingly (she was little more than a child).

"They are flowers from l'Armee du Salut, we have been to the Salle Centrale, they are flowers of Remembrance." "Remembrance, Monsieur?" "Yes, Remembrance of Mother."

We shall never know what that word meant in the semi-darkness. A shaft of light from the lamp showed the frail but beautiful face with a pained and startled look upon it.

The parted lips were trembling. The child's breath was coming in little choking sobs and glistening tears were in her

intricate maze. However, we keep our souls in perfect peace, and our minds

HEROISM REWARDED

THERE is still gratitude to be found in human nature. As a matter of fact we incline to think that nature is much more alert than is sometimes thought. This is the case: Years ago in France a corporal was gassed during an attack. His buddy threw him over his shoulder and carried him out of the gas zone, thus saving his life.

A man lay dying in the Irvington General Hospital, New Jersey. He was suffering from a blood ailment that baffled physicians. As a forlorn hope the doctors decided to try a transfusion of blood although they had little hope of saving his life. His two buddies offered their blood and at 11 that night eighteen persons had offered their blood, had submitted to tests and had been rejected.

At 11:30 o'clock another man entered the hospital and offered his blood. He was the one-time gassed corporal, and the man who was dying was the soldier who had saved his life. He had just heard of his buddy's condition and had come to the factory, and the doctors now said that the man has an excellent chance to recover. Let us hope that in this case the blood can save. We know it can save people from their sins. —New York "War Cry."

Eyes, "Remembrance for mother, Monsieur? What I will—I will take them."

What a picture! What a problem she presented as she stood there with the lilies in her hand, that poor little girl of the Paris streets, a problem which The Army in France is doing its utmost to help to solve.



Children of The Army's Home in Peking have a merry game of soccer.

PRINCESS MARY AND THE ARMY

The latest British "War Cry" tells us that H.R.H. Princess Mary has consented to open a new Army Maternity Home near Leeds.

This new establishment will greatly increase the service that the Women's Social Work is able to render to the large populations of Yorkshire, and it will be a special pleasure to Commissioner Catherine Booth, and to the people of the West Riding, to have Princess Mary officiate at an Army ceremony.

Do not long for fame, but seek only to deserve it. What if a few thousand know your name? There are fourteen hundred million persons in the world,

needs of the many neglected and distressed children and other Christ-like

In company of the Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot, Colonel and Mrs. de Groot, Staff-Captain Peterson, Major de Groot, Miller, and others, the various guests were shown over the Institution which was much admired.

It is worthy of mention that the property was secured the land in question as being little short of a rubbish dump, but the Staff-Captain set to work and in due course brought about a transformation which reflects credit upon it and those who assisted her in the work. Plants and flowers in varied shaped beds, bordering pleasant walks, now flourish where once were unsightly rubbish-heaps—and this is not a parable.

"According to God's Holy Ordinance"

The Commissioner Conducts the Wedding
of Captain Leslie Sharpe and Ensign
Susie Biro at Winnipeg



On Wednesday afternoon we gathered, quietly, happily, expectantly, in the Winnipeg Citadel, for another wedding, and another real Army one, at that. The wedding of Captain B. Leslie Sharpe and Ensign Susie Biro, simple, and dignified in its very simplicity, represented the culmination of many prayers, and testified eloquently to the leading hand of God, both in this, and the Old Country.

As the bride and bridegroom, attended respectively by Ensign Miriam Houghton, and Captain Robert Watt, took their places on the platform, our thoughts turned instinctively to those most interested in the ceremony—the parents of them both. The bride's aged mother, too timid to travel, but surely thinking lovingly of her girl, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharpe, of the I.H.Q. Subscribers' Department. Many years ago they gave their son to God, and though so far away, and naturally wanting to be with him, the knowledge that this occasion found him in the path of service, must have caused them to rejoice. But to return to the wedding.

Led by the Cadet's Band under the efficient baton of Cadet, Robert Weir, the audience responded gladly in the singing of the beautiful wedding prayer.

"Savior, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now."

Major Tyndall's prayer was choice in every expression, and found an echo in many hearts. Then the Band swung into that refrain, then which there could be no better sentiment for an Army wedding.

"Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah."
The congregation was glad to sing it as well.

Staff-Captain Webb's sympathetic reading of the Twenty-third Psalm fitted in

well here, and proved a fitting prelude to the recital of the "Articles of Marriage" by the Commissioner, who in this Meeting was his "wedding" best, and whose skilful pilotage linked the various items together into a charming whole.

Loud and long was the applause when Captain and Mrs. Sharpe were presented to the friendly audience, with the majority of whom they had been associated for many years, either at Headquarters, or in Corps work. It's a wonderful family, this Army of ours, isn't it?

Speeches at a wedding ceremony are always interesting and Ensign Houghton made a charming little address, well-suited to the occasion, and Captain Watt read a large number of telegrams—veritable "sheaf" as he termed it. Messages from the parents, from Captain Lincoln Sharpe, the bridegroom's brother, and from many Old Country friends; from our old comrades, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Whitley, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips, from Colonel and Mrs. Miller, and Commandant Hardy, from the Montreal Immigration Staff, and from Colonel Taylor. Indeed, there seemed no end to these messages of love and esteem.

Lt.-Colonel Joy, with whom Captain Sharpe had worked for a long period in the Winnipeg Immigration Service, was no exception. Lightly he touched on his whole-hearted and untiring efforts for the welfare of those who came under his care; he spoke of the Captain's Salvationism, and his interest in spiritual things, and went back a number of years in his

kindly references to the first time he saw Captain Sharpe, little thinking then he would stand in such a happy capacity as on this auspicious occasion.

But interested as the audience had been all the time, that was as nothing to the interest aroused when Mrs. Captain Sharpe expressed her thanks for the many kindnesses received, and gave a ringing testimony, finishing with her Commissioning promise. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Captain Sharpe, in decisive, clear-cut sentences, spoke tenderly of his parents, of his "delightful wife" and of his anxiety to be a true Soldier of Christ.

No more appropriate conclusion could have been found than the singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,"—the blessings of health and happiness, of human love, and companionship, and that greatest blessing of all—Salvation.

At the Balmoral Immigration Lodge a big crowd of friends gathered to wish special happiness to the young couple, and here Mrs. Staff-Captain Weeks, in spite of weakness attendant upon her recent operation, did the honors in splendid style.

Captain Sharpe, although not a product of the West, even so far as his Officership goes, is very well-known, not only in

Winnipeg, but from Montreal to Vancouver. Since his coming to Canada a number of years ago he has been connected with The Army Immigration Services, being on the staff in Montreal before he entered the Toronto Training Garrison in 1922. From there he was commissioned as Assistant in the Winnipeg Office, where he stayed until about nine months ago he was transferred to the Woodstock Lodge, Ontario. While in Winnipeg he did good work as a Soldier at Winnipeg VII (Home St.) occupying at different times the positions of Scout-Leader and Y.P.S.M.

Ensign Biro ended the work from Yorkton, Sask., in 1919 "Joyful Service Session", and after a period of Training was appointed as Lieutenant to assist in the training of the Kamsack Corps. Her field experience, however, was not destined to be long or varied, for soon after she was appointed to the Finance Department, and has spent eight happy years as a valued member of the Staff, her last duties being those of Headquarters Cashier.—D.O.J.

THE BLESSED ARMY BONNET

A LONDON (Eng.) magazine says: "The Salvation Army bonnet, so familiar on our streets, is not, after all, to be abolished. It was first invented because the Founder of The Salvation Army wished his women soldiers to be easily distinguished as soldiers. It had a deeper eschatologic brim in those days, which was perhaps as well, for it protected the 'lasses' faces from the garbage and soot which hooligans flung at them."

One cannot altogether blame the writer for supposing there would be some alteration; it is this craze for 0000 size that does it. We see that the Mennonite conference has declined to make any alteration in the four year old style of their female headgear. Nothing like making a style and keeping to it. It is not a question of ugliness, sisters, it's a matter of distinction from the world, isn't it?

WINNIPEG HOME LEAGUE NOTES

In our issue of last week we announced that Mrs. Brigadier Taylor would be opening a Sale of Work at Home Street, Winnipeg, on the 16th inst. We ought to have announced this event as taking place at SHURBROOKE STREET. Will all interested friends please note this correction. The time is 3 p.m.

• • • • •
Captain Nyerod and the League officials at W. will announce a Home League Sale there on Tuesday, the 19th inst; Mrs. Brigadier Smith will open the proceedings at 2 p.m.

• • • • •
Home Street League announces a "Silver Tea and Home Cooking Sale" on Thursday, June 28th, from three o'clock until the husbands arrive. A special invitation to all Home Street friends.

• • • • •
It will be observed that the above refer to Winnipeg Home Leagues, but we should not just as pleased to make announcements on behalf of Corps and Leagues in other parts of the Territory. Will League Secretaries please note—but remember that we go to press at least ten days before the date of issue.



Winnipeg, June 14th

Just as we go to press the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller are arriving in Winnipeg, after his long and trying experience in Vancouver. It is good to know that he has been in the care of such devoted comrades as those out West.

• • • • •
Here is an item of interest. W. Hutchings, Jr., of Vancouver III has invented a new type of electric washing machine for which he has received a patent from the Dominion Government. Our comrade is 18 years of age, and is an ardent Senior Soldier and worker in the No. 11 Corps, thus following in the footsteps of his parents who have been enrolled Salvationists for over twenty years.

• • • • •
There should be a good attendance at Winnipeg Citadel on Monday night next—the 18th. The Commissioner is booked to be there to preside over the concluding exercises of the Forty-Second Anniversary weekend, and to present Long Service Badges to no less than 50 veterans in Local Obedience. As a motto for the night we suggest, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?"

• • • • •
Major Oake tells us this one, Captain Townsend, recently appointed to the Subscribers Department in Regina, says that he was in rural Saskatchewan and "A man grabbed me with both hands, and said he had been in that place for twenty years and had not seen The Army unit for over sixteen of them; he gave me \$10.00. And cheap at the price, says Major Oake."

• • • • •
On Thursday last, the Editorial sanctum's usual quietude was disturbed by the

sound of revelry across the landing. On inquiry we found it was the Staff Office members of a certain "Board" welcoming Brigadier Park back to duty after her hospital sojourning.

• • • • •
A recent visitor at T.H.Q. was Comrade Ramsdale, of Chicago. He was returning from the funeral and memorial services of his mother, a valiant Soldier in Victoria, we mentioned her protection recently. It tells us that the many messages of comradely sympathy have been greatly appreciated by his dear ones, and have been a means of much comfort to his bereaved father.

• • • • •
The Editor has said something like this before. He is always glad to receive photos for publication, particularly of Army scenes and events and happenings in the lives of Salvationists. One important rule to be observed, however, is—"No flowers." Comprenez?

• • • • •
The Toronto "Cry" announces the farewell of Brigadier Knight of the Saint John, N.B., Division, and that Major Kendall takes up pro-tem Divisional Commander duties. Brigadier Knight goes on furlough.

• • • • •
This is in danger of becoming a "Coming Events" column for those who—but never mind.

• • • • •
Winnipeg Salvationists and their friends and relatives are heartily invited to the Garrison Social Party to be held in the grounds of the T.G. (Portage Avenue) on Monday, the 18th inst. The opening ceremony will be performed by Mrs. Joseph Merrett, supported by the Commissioner and the Garrison Staff. Sher-

brooke St. and Ft. Rouge Bands will be in attendance, and also the Singers from Elmwood. Try to be there also, you'll have a real good time.

• • • • •
Why not read the "Young Soldier"? It isn't quite a "Kid's Paper", and it's worth far more than its nominal price of 2c; for instance, this week there is a highly interesting and educative article therein entitled "Who invented the match?" Every week there are items of information and education and you would not hurt or break yourself by purchasing a copy. Why not do so regularly?

• • • • •
"There are lots o' men in this world, Jemima, and still more women, who grow old before their time working for other people; and I take it that when folks talk of their wrinkles, the Lord says, 'My name shall be on their forehead'; and when folks talk of their grey hairs, He says, 'They shall walk with Me in white for they are worthy.'"—E. Thornycroft Fowler.

LT.-COL. PAYNE AND GRACE HOSPITAL OFFICERS AT SOUTH VANCOUVER

South Vancouver Corps has been experiencing some blessed times recently. On Sunday, the 3rd inst., we had the pleasure of having with us all day Lt.-Colonel Payne; she was accompanied by Adjutant Lister and several of the Officers from Grace Hospital. We were greatly helped by her recital of her early day experiences. The Officers and nurses entered heartily into the proceedings, among them being two recent Army converts. Our Self-Denial Campaign has been a splendid success, both Senior and Young People reaching their objectives. We are in for victory all the time.—M.A.W.

Central States Territory Celebrates Self-Denial Victory

THE ARMY forces which operate in the United States under the leadership of Lt.-Commissioner McMillan have recently celebrated their Self-Denial victory. When a total of \$115,561.22 was proclaimed as the contribution for the event of 1928. We join with our American comrades in their rejoicing over this attainment.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commander Chas. Rich,
817-819 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Jor.

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General Order

Sunday, July 8th, is to be ob-
served throughout the Territory as
"Fresh Air Sunday." Special col-
lections towards The Army's Fresh
Air Camps Fund will be taken at
all Corps. Commanding Officers
are responsible to their Divisional
Commanders in this matter, and
will act according to instructions
received from D.H.Qrs.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

"The Willing Horse"

WE think it high time that a new
organisation was started in The
Army. We really do, and we are sure
that we should be able to obtain a con-
siderable amount of support for it, even
though some may say that there is
nothing too long for the man who will
start a new Department amongst us.
Our new organisation would be known as
"The Society for the Prevention of the
Overworking of Willing Horses."

Now, don't you think that is a good
idea? We have heard of more than one
comrade who has been seriously thinking
of making a change to another Corps
because, being more than usually "willing
horses," they have been grievously over-
worked. This means, or would mean if
they persisted in their threat, that the
particular Corps of their present association
would be all the poorer, and some of
those who "don't know what the Corps
is coming to" would have a clearer vision
of that prospect.

Mind you, we are not suggesting that
ardent Soldiers should be less ardent,
or that they should cease to take an
enthusiastic interest in the affairs of the
Corps, or of the larger Army, but we do
suggest that some of the "Leave it to
George" comrades might step up with
some energy and take a share themselves.

Why should one girl be a Songster, a
Company Guard, a "Cry" boomer, a
Guard Leader, a Corps-Cadet, an Open-
Air collector, etc., etc., and other girls
be doing nothing? Why should one lad
be a hard-working Bandsman, a Corps
Cadet, a Company Guard, a Scout
Chaplain, and a few other things—when
his able-bodied mates are idling their
time away? Ready to take all the glory
of Salvationism and share none of its
onus.

So here goes, let's set up the new De-
partment, and you see, if some of those
"Stand-bys" don't want to join up.

The General Farewell

DURING recent weeks the Field
Secretary, Brigadier B. Taylor, has
been busy in connection with the plans
for this great event, which takes place
on June 24th—the Officers moving on to
their appointments during the succeeding
week. Of course, many comrades are
affected by the Farewell, and in this
connection the placing of the Cadets of
"The Victors" Session is no small matter,
and one to which the Commissioner has
been giving his personal attention. We
most thoroughly believe the reinforce-
ments thus forthcoming will be of real
value to the Territory.

A Veteran and Comrade of the Years Brigadier Allen Retires From Active Service

HAVE you ever noticed, striding along
the street, a short, agile Officer, cap
rather jauntily tilted on the back of his
head, chin aggressively forward and elbows
awing? That's Brigadier Charles Allen,
friend of prisoners, down-and-outs and all
who may be in trouble.

The Brigadier will shortly be retiring
from active (official) service and it is to
do honour to his nearly forty years of
strenuous Army Officership that we pen
this quite inadequate sketch.

Our comrade, interestingly enough,
hails from Billy Bray's famous shire—
Cornwall—and has a lively recollection, as
a small lad, of being taken by his father
to hear the eccentric evangelist preach;
in fact Billy Bray's cottage was but a
short distance from the family home.

Whether this had any particular in-
fluence on the Brigadier's future we are
not certain, but it was not until our com-
rade had crossed the seas to Canada that he
definitely surrendered his life to God.
This was at St. John, New Brunswick
(not Newfoundland, as has been erroneously
stated) when in The Army Hall, under the
fiery preaching of "Hell Fire Nancy"
(Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner McIntyre, U.S.A.),
he saw himself a lost and undone
sinner. From that night on he resolved
to do all in his power to win souls.

For twenty-five years he toiled hard in
the field, at Corps small and large,
happy in the consciousness that he was
engaged in a God-glorifying work and
using his talents in the Master's service.
Twenty years of that period were spent
in the Maritime Provinces and five in
Ontario.

To chat with the Brigadier on those
stirring days is to bring all sorts of reminis-
cences to the fore. It was at Wood-
stock, N.B., that an awakening marked
his stay in this country, the man who
gypsy lad who had just been released
from serving a term in prison. A whole
band of gypsies coming to God resulted
from this lad's conversion and the com-
munity was roused as never before. At
Belleville, Ont., he had some experiences
which deepened his interest in the Social
Work and led to much splendid activity
in this direction.

One instance was where he succeeded
in getting a terrible drunkard nicknamed
"Blue Jay," out of prison and handed
over to The Army. The old man would
steal when he was drunk, and his last
exploit was actually to rob a jail. It was
the despair of the magistrate and the
police, and it was with very little hope
that they passed him over to "The Army
Captain." The miracle of conversion,
however, caused the authorities to alter
their minds and this trophy, truly a
change of heart and action, spent
many happy years, finding delight in
working for God and souls as an Army
Bandsman.

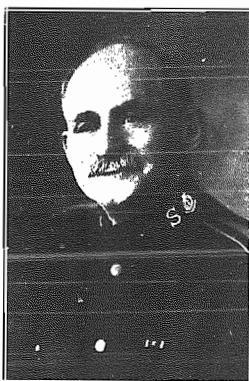
At Kingston the Brigadier's last Field
appointment, he became greatly interested
in the prisoners confined in the large
penitentiary there, and as a result, many
good deeds were done. It was while at
Digby, N.S., also, that our comrade acted
as chaplain to a notorious murderer who
expiated his crime on the gallows, but not
before being led to Christ.

Thus it would appear that "coming
events cast their shadows before," for

the Brigadier was transferred to Winni-
peg to assist at the Men's Social Depart-
ment.

This was a work he was well fitted for
and he entered heart and soul upon his
duties, assisting the poor, the prisoners,
the social derelict and others.

From Winnipeg, he was transferred to
Calgary where he was in charge of



the Industrial Work there. His next
move was to Vancouver where, for three
years he directed The Army's Social
operations. Then he returned to the
"Hub City" where in turn he became
District Social Officer and later, Assistant
Men's Social Secretary at T.H.Q., the
latter position having been occupied for
the last three years.

In the many phases of the Brigadier's
work in Winnipeg, possibly none has
been more outstanding than that done
in connection with the Stony Mountain
Penitentiary and Provincial Jail. Our
comrade will certainly be missed by the
men to whom he was a welcome visitor
and was used of God in helping many of
them to a better life. He enjoyed the
fullest confidence of the officials and was
ever regarded by them as a wise and
efficient worker whose co-operation was a
valuable factor in dealing with prison
problems.

It was during the Brigadier's term as
District Officer that he had the honour of
arranging for the first enrolment of prison-
ers as Army Soldiers to take place in
Canada, so far as the penal institutions
are concerned. Some time later the
record enrolment of twenty prisoners took
place at the Stony Mountain Peniten-
tiary, these including men serving life
sentences for murder and other desul-
terate crimes. Many of these men are
doing well and have long since earned
their discharge from prison.

Another item to the Brigadier's credit
is the fact that he was privileged to start
the first Young People's Corps at the
Logan Men's Hostel, his daughter, Mrs.
Captain Alder, being in charge of this
branch of the work, which is conducted
among children of all
climates and nationalities.

We cannot close this
sketch without making
mention of the beloved
and promoted partner of our
comrade whom God called
to higher service a few
years ago and whose mem-
ory will ever be revered
in the West. Mrs. Allen
came out of Dartmouth,
N.S., and was an experi-
enced Field and Social
Officer.

With the hearty good
wishes of all his comrades
the Brigadier will settle in
Vancouver where is sta-
tioned his eldest daughter
(Mrs. Captain Alder) and
with him will go Kathleen
and Laura, the former

Commsr. Mrs. Booth-Hallberg

To Farewell from Norway and Take
Important Travelling Commission

READERS of the "War Cry" and
Salvationists generally will be inter-
ested to hear that the General has ap-
pointed Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hallberg, at
present Territorial Commissioner in Nor-
way, to an important position on the
Staff at International Headquarters, with
a view to utilising her services in special
work in all parts of the world.

The Commissioner will visit various
Territories, as decided by the General,
to represent him upon special occasions,
to conduct Territorial Congresses, and
to undertake other commissions of an
important character. It will be recognised
that the long experience gained by the
Commissioner in various Territorial Com-
mands—in India and in Europe—and her
intimate acquaintance with many prob-
lems, together with her close relationship
with both the Founder and the present
General, will be of great benefit to her
in her new position, and we are sure she
may rely upon prayers and co-operation
of the whole Army in her various jour-
neys and undertakings.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hallberg will
farewell from Norway about the middle
of August, and will leave later in that
month for South Africa where she is
to conduct the Territorial and European
Congresses. Commissioner de Groot and
his Officers are looking forward with keen
anticipation to the Commissioner's visit,
from which great advances are expected
to result.

Commissioner Mapp Conducts Triumphant N.S.W. Congress

Four Hundred Seekers Registered
Commonwealth Statesmen Appreciate
Army Work

(By Cable)

Commissioner Henry C. Mapp, who
has won a high place in the affection
and confidence of Australians, has just
concluded gloriously successful Congress
in Sydney and Brisbane, in the
Australian East Territory, follow-
ing a brilliant and successful
campaign in the South, already re-
ported.

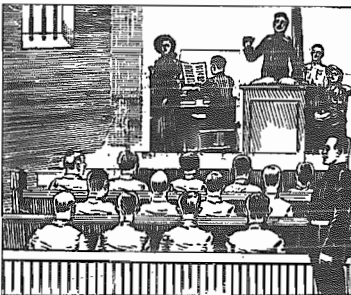
At Canberra, the Federal Cap-
ital, the Commissioner was received by
the Prime Minister of the Common-
wealth and the leading ministers
of state, who each
and all expressed the highest appreciation
of the work of The Salvation Army.

The Commissioner, who has been
remarkably sustained throughout his
campaign, delivered impassioned addresses
to monster crowds, and under the gracious
influence of the Holy Spirit was so power-
fully used to convince his hearers of the
truth bearing sin and holiness that
four hundred seekers came forward.

The Officers' Councils were present in
power, and their influence was long
held in grateful memory by all ranks.
Commissioner and Mrs. Charles Stanton
received loyal and devoted hosts. An
inspiring message was received from the
General. Australians, through the Terri-
torial leaders, reciprocate the greetings
brought to them by Commissioner Mapp
from the American Continent. They
ever stand firm in loyalty to The Sal-
vation Army, and will never seek
the lost.—George L. Carpenter, General.

having rendered splendid service as
Guard Leader of the Winnipeg Citadel
Troop.

The Commissioner and Mr. Rich
are booked to preside over the final
farewell Meeting of Brigadier Allen
on Wednesday next, the 20th. To feel
sure there will be a large attendance
of Officers and Soldiers in the Rupert
Avenue Citadel to bid Good-bye to
our devoted comrade. There may be
some in the city who would also wish
to be present if they were informed;
will comrades do their best to make
the Meeting known.



"The prisoners heard them."

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the War Cry Tune Book (Compiled by Hon. Deputy Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg Citadel)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (*).

Salvation—Death (Continued)

127 Listen to the invitation.....	285	*289	*290	*291
128 Near us standing here.....	252	256	309	*312
129 'Twill soon be gone.....	231	234		
130 Sinners, whither would ye flee.....	238	241		
131 And am I born to die?.....	123	125	137	
132 A few more years.....	123	138	149	
133 You must get your life.....	140			
134 The King of all terrors.....	344	362		
135 Come ye, ye crying sinners.....	155	169	*262	
137 And am I only born to.....	247		250	

Judgment

138 Lo, He comes with.....	296	*307	299	
139 Lo, on a narrow neck.....	123	130		
140 The blast of the trumpet.....	247	249		
141 Lo, on a narrow neck.....	247	249		
142 Sins of years are all.....	435			
143 When thy meekness shall.....	160	152		
144 My garments must be.....	83	85		
145 The angel of the Lord.....	111	120		
147 The great exchange.....	28	38		
150 Day of Judgment, Day of.....	302	306		
151 The King of all terrors.....	344	362		
154 When the trumpet of the.....	509			

Hell

158 My thoughts on awful.....	78	105		
160 Oh, millions cry in Hell.....	226	228		
162 O sinner now born to.....	336	332		

Sinners Seeking Pardon

163 Thou that hearest when.....	8	10		
164 Jesus, my Lord, to thee.....	242	*243	244	
165 Just as I am without pen.....	243	246		
166 Jesus, see me at Thy feet.....	288	288		
167 Lord, I hear of showers.....	263	264	265	
168 When I weary of my life.....	291	291		
169 Oh, Lord, a wretched man.....	291	296	162	
170 Jesus, lover of my soul.....	157	171		
171 O Boundless Salvation.....	240	244	335	
172 Rock of Ages, cleft for.....	163	165	167	
173 I have heard of a Savi.....	322			
174 What can wash away my.....	162	163		
175 By Thy birth, and by.....	162	163		
176 Terrible thought, shall I.....	49	54		
179 When shall Thy love.....	123	129	133	
180 Oh, remember Calvary.....	515			
181 Heavenly Father, bless.....	191	191	*201	
182 Tell me the old story.....	147	156		
183 As I am, before Thy face.....	147	156		
184 Depth of Mercy.....	433	320		
186 With my heart and tongue.....	123	133		
187 Not all the blood of.....	123	133		
188 When looking on the cross.....	21	21		
189 My God, my God, to.....	49	66		
191 Pass me not, O loving.....	238	240		

Backsliders

192 Weary of wandering.....	218	221		
193 How shall I see Jesus.....	200	210		
194 Oh, for a closer walk.....	105	107	117	
195 Hasten to the cross.....	265	269		
196 Jesus, Shepherd of the.....	162	163	169	
197 Saviour, I now with.....	32	35	38	
198 Jesus, if still thou.....	109	139	140	
199 Ah! whither shall I go.....	109	139	140	
200 Jesus, Thou knowest my.....	212	213		
201 Jesus, if still thou.....	212	213	218	
202 God is in this.....	64	70		

(To be Continued)

(Note.—We suggest that this "Index" should be cut out and kept for reference. When consulted it will furnish the necessary information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandmen, etc.—Ed.)

LET US SING TOGETHER!

Tune: "Oh, say will you take up your Cross?" or "Where do you journey?"
You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
For sin and wrongdoing are rife.
The world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say, No.

Chorus:

Have courage, my boy, to say—No;
Have courage, my boy, to say—No;
Have trust in your Heavenly Father,
For courage, my boy, to say—No.

In courage, my boy, lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
Your trust in your Heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from the rivulet flow;
But if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say—No.

Be careful in choosing companions;
Seek only the brave and true;
And stand by your friends when in trial—
Ne'er changing the old for the new.

And when by false friends you are tempted
The pleasures of sinning to know—
With firmness, with patience, and kind-
ness,
Have courage, my boy, to say—No.

The Solo of the Week

Tune: "Lay my head beneath a rose"

I can hear a sweet voice calling
O'er the hill and o'er the plain;
Calling me when night is falling
And when morning comes again.
First in childhood's days I heard it
When I knelt at mother's knee;
Often heard, oft disregarded—
But once more 'tis calling me.
Chorus:
Tis the voice of Christ my Saviour,
With a call to all oppress,
Come to Me all ye that labour,
I will give you peace and rest.

I have wandered long in darkness,
Caring not for God nor man;
Having in my life no sweetness,
Is there not some better plan?
I have sought for earthly treasure
Sought and sought and sought in vain—
But a call to higher pleasure,
I am hearing once again.

Tune: "Diademata" or "From every strain"
I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love the Shepherd's Voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me high to death,
Famished and faint and lone,
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus, my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His Blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

Tune: "Jesus with me in United"
Would I could tell how I love Him;
Tell of the love in my heart,
He has become my Salvation,
From Him I never will part.

I have found life's burdens heavy;
Satan's yoke has long held sway;
I would fain escape his thralldom,
Pain would cast his chains away.
Rising now I answer gladly—
Oh, that call to freedom sweet—
Peace and pardon, rest and pleasure,
I am finding at His feet.

—Lieut. Ernest Wright

Tune: "Roaming in the Gloaming"
I'm glad I'm a Soldier,
Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue,
Fighting for Jehovah.
To my colors I'll be true,
When I feel I've done my best,
Oh, how sweetly I can rest,
Oh, it's lovely fighting for my Saviour!

—Ernest E. Coles, U.S.A.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Isn't it a lovely Army

St. Al Styrenup Mensions, Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I trust you will be glad to have this letter written on a typewriter, though I am afraid I have made a few mistakes. Our young daughter, Captain, please note—Dinah is home for a few days, and she tells me that I am an expert in the "one finger exercise." Please tell the reward one gets for slaving to send their children to a Business College; one of these days it will come home to them.

When would it be convenient for you to come up and see us—some night after supper? Dorcas and I would like to introduce you to Captain Anna—that is, Dinah's "choice." He really is a nice young fellow, I like him; he tells me he is very fond of the auto lamp as an accompaniment when it is played properly. He had never seen one until he saw mine. We're having the piano tuned, so that we shall be able to have a real nice song; you'll understand it hasn't been used much since. Dinah and Danny have been on the field.

Before I forget it, though, there is one thing I must say, and say it loud and strong. I do pity those folk at Winnipeg Citadel, and Adjutant Agent especially—fancy dropping fifty "Crys" in one go. Splendid enterprise, ain't it? I certainly shall not transfer there now.

You have not yet said anything to me about continuing my duties; perhaps you could discuss that when you come to see us. I really do think that something will have to be done to stir up matters, especially as the circulation will go "bang" when the Training Garrison closes. What do you think, Mr. Editor, really happens to the customers of the dear Cadets make during their Session? Isn't it a lovely Army?

Have you thought anything more about my proposal that I should do some travelling during the summer, as soon as it comes. We ought to be quick on the job, or else it will be over before we get our plans laid. I could take a whole sure of getting a car—there are some used ones on the corner lot opposite our block. And of course nobody can do any work in the country these days without a car—can they? They used to when the Army first started, I know, but I have gone out of fashion lately. I shall see what the authorities say about this travelling proposal, won't you? At the least, they might attach me to the Chariots—to the Chariot staff, I mean. I could see to the "Cry" reports for them.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am so glad to be able to tell you I have finished up our Self-Denial. I have done my District absolutely right, on the edge of the boulevard right up to the floor of every residence on the street. I was a bit of a pull climbing some steps, especially now I'm getting on my years, but I managed it. I had come with me—he sat in the car and waited for me until I'd finished. It was a great comfort and help.

Yours affectionately,

Dorcas Domore

Yes, Mr. Editor, we have some great times, and I am glad to say that the Dorcas and me we've reached our objective, that's the new fangled "target," you know. How have we got along? Don't forget to come after supper.

Yours very sincerely

Daniel Domore, 1928

THE TAMBOURINE WAS SAVED

An Incident of Early Army Days in Switzerland

A new Corps was to be opened at Biel, Switzerland and Lieutenant Kupfer (now Lieut.-Colonel, Retired), who was to take charge, was conscious in the first Meeting, led by Staff Officers, that "a lot of evil spirits" were present. She could not speak.

Someone awakened her that night to see the benches and everything else breakable in their Hall had been smashed by the roughs. She rose and went (not in uniform) to see, but found the door locked and a crowd in the street outside.

Slipping round behind, she entered the Hall by a back window and then addressed the crowd through the one in front, speaking both in French and German, explaining what the Army was for, and urging them to get converted. For ten minutes they listened. Then someone shouted furiously: "We should kill her with stones," and they began to fling in whatever missiles they could pick up.

There was a kind of trap-door in the floor, and the Lieutenant pulled it up and disappeared, going through the cellar and thus finding a way out of the danger. Next morning it was seen that the broken benches had been taken out of the Hall and flung into a stream. The piano—also broken—was out in the street. "Only," said the Colonel whimsically, when telling the story years later—"All the World."

The biggest room in the world is the room for improvement.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

New Zealand's No. 1 Corps Keeps its 41st Birthday

The verse "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee" was a fitting keynote to the forty-fifth birthday of the No. 1 Corps of New Zealand, Dunedin City, which occasion, under leadership of Brigadier Scotney, was celebrated on the exact anniversary date of the opening of the Corps.

On entering the Citadel, suitable reminders of the occasion met the eye. On the front of the speaker's rail appeared two laurel wreaths in which were indications of years "1883" and "1928", whilst between them, in letters of gold, was the motto, "Ebenaezer—Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

"Looking round on the almost too peaceful aspect of our labors to-day," says a writer in the New Zealand "War Cry," "one found it hard to visualize the strenuous opposition which the pioneers met at the beginning. But we were reminded of the fact that in some quarters at any rate, the 'hate of His cause is the same,' when, on Sunday night at the historic Fountain, where the first Open-Air Meeting was held some drunken dupes of Satan scornfully retaliated to the Brigadier's vigorous denunciation of sin, after which a man sought Christ. Later, at the Citadel another man surrendered to God.

On Sunday, comrades, young and old, revelled in the fight. The day was beautifully fine, in sharp contrast with that

initial day of forty-five years ago, when "the city was covered with a mantle of snow." Sidelights on the early history of the Corps as taken by the Brigadier from the first copy of the "War Cry," made good reading, and clearly showed the spirit that dominated the pioneer Officers and Soldiers.

Even in those distant days a concertina Band and Booming Brigade was formed, and one could not look unmoved on the remnants of that brave band who "blazed the trail" for later generations of Salvationists. After this Meeting, tea was provided for the veterans, and reminiscences flowed freely around the charmed circle. Family prayers, conducted by the Brigadier, concluded the afternoon assembly. This reference affords but a glimpse of the happy occasion.

Expressions of goodwill and congratulations were voiced by the representatives of the surrounding Corps. These are lusty offshoots from Dunedin City and are a credit to the mother Corps. The first Army Convert in New Zealand, who sold the first copy of the "War Cry" was present, and testified to God's saving and keeping grace.



Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Third Article)

LET us continue our comments on some of the Common Metre tunes of the new Book. [That sounds rather like a pun, but be assured that nothing is further from our thoughts than such a thing.] Our readers will note that we are making haste, and leaving out of our story many of the tunes; it is not because we have nothing to say, but rather that we remind ourselves of our lack of space—and there are so many others which have a fascinating story; at least, we think so.

"The Judgment Day"—What Army Bandsman of the eighties and nineties can ever forget it? How we played and re-played it. Let us think awhile, what's the number of that much abused Band Journal, No. 65 was it not? We know it ran a close favourite for many years with No. 54 and, for bands of a more ambitious temperament—No. 84. But that is ancient history. All this just to say that "Judgment Day" is another of those musical conversions of which The Army can well be proud.

Just a passing word concerning "Winchester Old" (63). This is partly attributed to a Dr. Tye who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On one occasion that lady sent word to him to say that he was playing out of tune, whereupon the peevish old fellow sent word back to say that it was the Queen's ears that were out of tune. Anyway, we have heard enough of this particular melody at Christmas time to make us feel that some youngsters have very little tune in their make-up.

We must pause for a line or two to pay our tribute to "Grimsey" (66) and "I've found the Pearl" (67), both indelibly associated in our minds with our great founder; each of these tunes owes its Army revival to him. As to their origin we have been unable to discover any data.

"Seed" and "Secular" tunes jostle one another in the Book. As for instance, "Armies" (71), a tune which dates from 1768; and "Manchester" (71) which must certainly be a secular air. The great popularity of the latter was associated with the old-time cotton famine out-cry song, of 1865-6.

"We've got no work to do, we've got no work to do, we've got no work to do, we've got no work to do."

"Armies" (71) was originally arranged so that the first two lines were sung as a duet by two tenors; then the same lines were taken up by the tenors and bass, and the last two lines sung as a chorus. We do not commend this treatment now-a-days.

"I'm a Soldier" (75) has been again and again described as a Welsh tune, whereas it is nothing of the sort. It came from the pen of James Ellor, who lived in Liverpool, near Manchester. One day in 18— he went into a neighbour's workshop, and, flourishing a piece of music paper in his hand, called out, "Look here, lad, what d'ye think o' this?" The men promptly crowded round Ellor and "sold" the tune over. "That's good, lad," said one, "an' where d'ye get it

from?" "It's out of my own yed, an' it goes to 'Crown Him Lord of all', an' we'll have it next anniversary," said James, all in a breath. Such was the birth of this famous tune.

And for a digression, we wish we had space to tell in full the story of the Lancashire choirmaster, who became involved in a serious domestic entanglement because his wife overheard him discussing the respective merits of "Lydia" (77) and "Mary" (61)! We pass along.

But what a host of Folk-tunes or one-time Secular airs are to be found among these C.M.'s. "Now I can read" (83) is one; "Behold the Saviour"—a notable tune for centuries under the title of "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; "Down in the Garden" (90)—originally "Massa's in the cold, cold ground"; and so on almost ad lib.

That fine old tune "Abridge" (91) is not one of these conversions; it was written by a man of the name of Isaac Smith, who was originally a Quaker; he named it after a little village in Essex, near Epping Forest, where the air first came into being about the year 1761—the year which also dates the birth of that splendid S.M. "Falcon Street" (128). Smith once gave a piece of useful advice to preceptors when he suggested they should always use a pitch-pipe, so as to avoid the possibility of "shrieking on the high notes or growling on the low ones."

But in spite of a desire to stay longer with the C.M.'s, we must hasten on, except to say that the Editors have done their duty in finding a place for "Bright Crowns" (103), a good old Ranter tune which also lives because of our fundamental affection for it. "For you-u and me-e-e"—what memories!

Come we now to the D.C.M.'s, and here we will but pause to say that "Bound for Canaan's Shore" (110) is a thoroughly good adaptation for this D.C.M. purpose.

and we suggest meeting-leaders might do worse than use it more often. And how glad we are to see the old favourite of our boy-hood days—"Syria" (111), which is a French national air and was written by Hortense, the step-daughter of the great Emperor Napoleon. She was a woman of strange propensities, and of a queer moral turn, but she certainly gave the world a good tune. It ought to be more widely used amongst us.

"Ten thousand souls" (115) was originally sung to the words "Down in a green and shady bed"; in that guise it might never have gone beyond the shores of old England, but now it is one of The Army's international tunes. It was just a little risky of the Editors to style "Vicar of Bray" (118) as a D.C.M.—there will be some variant struggles with it in that form, but we can at least recommend it as an agreeable substitute for "Canaan, bright Canaan" which is stored away at the back of the book (158). But we will not criticise, for we are glad to have it set down now as a real Army Tune to be sung all round the world "In golden hours of brightest joy."

However, we have a suspicion that we have already over run our limits again, and so let us bring this article to a close by returning to (60) "Miles Lane" which of all tunes has suffered most at the hands of Editors, but which we hope has now certain finality in this splendid wordless melody.

We confess to a great fondness for this tune ourselves because its author was born within a stone's throw of our own birthplace—a hundred or two years earlier. Shrubsole was organist at the Cathedral at Canterbury, and it is said that Peronnet wrote his famous lines, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," during his ministry in that city, showed them to Shrubsole, and forthwith this melody was born. It has suffered agonies, we imagine, by some of the ludicrous adaptations; we have heard of one zealous comrade

who actually attempted to sing it to Song 77 in our Army Book. Selah!

There is a funny story told, we think we may pass it on, of a composer who was also an organist. Smart, was his name, and we of The Army will ever be grateful to him for his tune, "Regent Square."—297. In Smart's early days, it is said, it was the custom for the organist to play a few interludic chords between each verse of a hymn. A certain grumbler in the congregation had adversely criticised Smart's accompaniments; he said nothing, but waited his chance.

It came when "Miles Lane" was chosen. He started it in its usual B-flat. All went well. But in the interlude between verse 1 and 2, the organist modulated, very cleverly, into the key of B, and so on verse by verse until he had it set away up into D, if not beyond, until those high notes, so the story goes, must have joined the company of the "lost chord." At all events, the organist effectually silenced his complaining critics.

And the following is not strictly a story of the tune, rather of the song itself, but it has such a moving charm about it, that we take leave to place it here—"Let us crown Him" also, shall we?

The old man was dying, and those that stood around saw his lips moving and they heard him say, "Bring."

They gathered a little closer to him, thinking that he wanted water, for his lips were parched, but he shook his head. Then they thought he wanted his wife and they brought her, but again he shook his head.

Next they thought he was asking for his children, and they brought them, but he lifted his hand, as much as to say, "It is not my children that I want."

All the time he was saying, "Bring," "Bring!" with fainter and fainter voice. Finally there seemed to come to him a superhuman strength, and raising himself on his pillow, he fell back, with arms outstretched, saying:

"Bring forth the aged sinner,
And crown Him Lord of all."

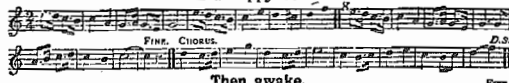
(To be continued)

Band Music for The Salvation Army.

1st Cornet in B flat,
1st Clarionette in B flat,
Or Solo Baritone or Euphonium.

No. 11.

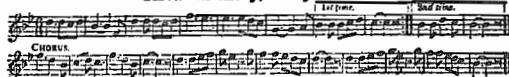
I'm a happy Soldier.



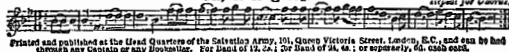
Then awake.



Salvation Army, Army of God.



Oh, it is glory.



The above is a facsimile of one of the first cards of music issued for Army Bands. It is interesting to note that the first tune—"I'm a happy soldier"—is an adaptation of a then popular song—"Roselle, the prairie flower."

Through the Fence of Heaven

SOME time ago there lived in Baltimore an engine-driver whose home was by the railroad, and as he passed in his engine his little girl would run down the yard to see him go by.

After a time he knocked off (two or three of the rails of the fence, so that she could see him better, and there she would put her little head through and wave until he was out of sight. He never failed to be on the look-out to see her, and she never failed to be at the fence looking for him.

One day, however, on his return journey, he could not see her, and was immediately alarmed, as he knew that something must be wrong at home. As rapidly as he could he hurried home, and was met by his wife at the door with the news that their little girl had been suddenly taken sick, and that the doctors said it was impossible for her to recover. "Is she still alive?" he asked. "Yes," said the mother, "but very poorly. She told me to give you a message in case she didn't see you again." "What is it?" he inquired, anxiously. "She said, 'Tell papa I am going to ask Jesus to take out a rail from His fence and I will watch for him till he comes.'"

And that was how and why that man became a Christian. He dared not think that she might wa

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER



In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and early appearance.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain and Mrs. Bristow arrive early in the morning in Sardis to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps there. They pray at the railway station that God will bless them while they are there. They find the Hall and Quarters, and to them there comes Mrs. Denny, one of their new Soldiers, and she gives them a great deal of information about Sardis and the Corps.

One day a girl comes to see the wife of the former Officer. She seems greatly disturbed when she finds they are no longer there. Captain Bristow takes her upstairs to his wife and leaves them there to talk together, for the girl has said that she is in great trouble.

CHAPTER III

A Distressing Situation

LEAVING the young woman with his wife, Captain Bristow again returned to the little office, and resumed work on his reports. A long time passed before he heard the visitor come downstairs and go out. He found his wife greatly disturbed, and her wide eyes were still wet with tears.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, tenderly. "Is there anything we can do for her? She told me that she is in great trouble."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she returned, wiping her eyes. "That is, I don't know just what we can do for her, nor how it will come out. The poor thing has been betrayed and then deserted. She is loyal to him, and will not tell me his name, but he has run away and left her to face it alone. She is beside herself with grief, and shame and terror. Twice she has even gone to the river to end her life, but each time something held her back and restrained her. She is in terrible fear of her father. I told her that you would go to him and try to fix things up with him, but it only seemed to terrify her the more. She says he will kill her when he finds out about her trouble. However, before she went away she consented to have you go to him. Here, Alan, is the address of her father; go to him and intercede for her."

Stunned by the Stark Rage

Knowing that the girl would not again go to her home, she had seen his wife, the Captain lost no time in going to the address that had been given him. He found the house down in the factory district, where so many of the foreigners lived. In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and early appearance. He granted the Captain a grudging entrance into the house.

Half an hour later he again stood outside the door, dazed and shaken. He had been stunned by the stark, berserker rage he had met with inside the house. He had never dreamed that any man could be so bereft of all feelings of tenderness and sympathetic love that he supposed to be the heritage of parenthood. He was utterly beside himself with passion. Not only was he due to do anything for his daughter, but he threatened her with destruction if she ever dared set her foot across the threshold of his house again. And from curses and abuse hurled at her hapless head he soon passed to abuse and invective against the man who had sought to intercede in her behalf.

It was with a sorrowful and heavy heart that Cap-

tain Bristow made his way back to the quarters. He did not wonder that the poor girl had been afraid to face her father, and he could not help but wonder what would have been the result had she attempted to face him alone with the sorrowful news.

Mrs. Bristow received his report tearfully and they immediately went into council over the matter.

When the girl came to them early in the evening, as kindly as possible they told her the result of the Captain's visit to her father. But they did not end with that, for they had fixed up a room for her in the quarters, and told her she must not think of going elsewhere, and assured her that they would also make arrangements for her further care.

Thus it came that Helen Ormond came to stay at the Officers' Quarters. Her gratitude was both profound and touching, and as the days went by she took hold of the household tasks in a really capable manner, thus releasing Mrs. Bristow for much outside work that would otherwise have been impossible for her to do. It seemed that the girl could not do enough for the two who had befriended her in the hour of her need.

One day, as Mrs. Bristow was going with Mrs. Denny to visit a family who had distress in their home as well as deep need, they came to face to face with a man on the main business street of the town. His not unhandsome face gave silent witness to the ravaging marks left there by strong drink. At sight of him Mrs. Denny stopped and, turning to Mrs. Bristow, said, "I want you to meet Will Coulter. Will, this is Mrs. Bristow, the wife of the new Captain."

"The Black Sheep of the Family"

Mrs. Bristow reached out an eager hand, a warm light coming into her wide, kind eyes. "I'm awfully glad to meet you," she said, looking as if she meant it. "I have been wanting to know you. You are the brother of our Bandmaster, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, as he took her outstretched hand, "and also the black sheep of the family. I suppose you have heard that, too. My voice was deep and musical but it was perverted by a bitterness that went straight to the heart of her. It seemed like a deep hurt that rankled and ate at the very heart of him."

"But you know we are none of us white sheep naturally, Brother Coulter," she said quickly. "All that any of us are we owe to the Lord. I'm so glad He came to seek black sheep, and lost sheep, and then He loves them every one. I have not seen you at the Meetings since we came here."

"No, I've not been to them lately. I don't think it is of much use for me to come."

"O Brother Coulter, you must not feel that way!" She was distressed by a something very like hopelessness that she threw in his voice. "I'm sure it is of use. We have been looking for you. You will come, won't you?"

"Well, I might," he said, moved in spite of himself, by the warmth of her earnest invitation.

For some time after leaving him the little wife of the Captain could not trust herself to speak. There was something about him, a sense of loneliness, a sinking dread, she did not know just how to name it, but it made her think of a dog naturally friendly, but who has been ill-treated till it instinctively slinks away. She did so yearn for the salvation of this man, who seemed not only to have given up hope himself, but to feel that everyone else had given up hope for him. Fortunately she was not alone, for Denny, who had been so long unnoticed, for this good sister poured forth such a voluminous stream of talk that her own silence passed unheeded.

Loneliness bordering on Tragedy

That night she told the Captain that she had met Will Coulter. Somehow she could not get the man off her mind. There was that indefinable something about him that suggested misery and loneliness bordering on tragedy, and it deeply touched her gentle heart.

"I do not know when I have met anyone who has made such an impression on me as he has. Oh, I would so love to see him saved and brought to God! As soon as I met him he lost no time in telling me that he is the black sheep of the family, and from the way he told me I felt that he knew that I had already been told the same thing by others before I met him. I do not want to feel that I must leave Sardis without seeing him again in the fold."

"Yes," answered the Captain, earnestly; "we must do everything in our power for him, and not for him only, but for many other backsliders, too. I have found so many of them as I have come about Sardis. These people used to be in our ranks. I think I feel toward them with a greater tenderness than I do toward those who have never been part and parcel with us. I often wonder if someone had gone after them when they first dropped out if we would not have them with us still. We must certainly go after them and try to win them back."

They had written and made arrangements for Helen Ormond to enter The Army Hospital in a nearby city, and not long after this she left them. They missed her in the home, for they had grown used to her quiet ways and the efficient manner in which she had taken hold of the household duties. Before she left they had

made it clear to her that they expected her to return to them again. The poor girl now had no place she could call home, and she could not help but wonder what they gave her to understand that they needed her just as much as she needed them.

They found a great deal to do as the days went by. There was considerable sickness and destitution in Sardis, and they started, too, a systematic visitation of the homes of people who had been Soldiers, and were getting in need of many of them to start attending the Meetings again, and not a few of these were reclaimed and took their places in the Corps once more. They were very happy in their work, and they found a sweet fellowship with the Soldiers of the Corps, who soon learned to love their new Officers, and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake.

Among those who started attending the Meetings was Will Coulter. But he did not again make a start in his Christian warfare. Both the Captain and Mrs. Bristow dealt with him in the Meetings, but they did not urge the matter too strongly lest they should drive him away. But the more they knew him the greater became their concern for his salvation, and seldom did they pray that his name was not on their lips at the Throne of Grace. A gracious spirit of revival broke out in the Corps, and so the summer slipped quietly into autumn, and almost before they knew it the early days of Winter were at hand.

Possibilities of a Strike

With the approach of winter a spirit of unrest and foreboding hung over Sardis. There was a factory town, and most of the people living there were dependent upon the factories for their livelihood. With the end of October the wage agreement between the operators and the employees expired, and there were many rumors of impending trouble, with possibilities of a strike. As Captain and Mrs. Bristow went about their work among the people, and this spirit of uneasiness very much, and it cast its shadow over them. They knew that if a strike came during the winter months it would mean a great deal of distress and suffering among the very poor. If a strike came it would mean a much greater demand upon them, with less money coming in to meet the increased need. As the October days sped away the tension grew, and feeling ran high all through the town. As they faced the situation the young Captain and his wife had many earnest talks, and out of these talks came a number of plans to try to meet the greater demand upon their resources if the strike came.

One day, shortly after, they returned to the Quarters following some visitation in the district bordering the railroad and the river. They had not been long in the Quarters before they heard the sound of heavy footsteps ascending the stairs. A few moments later someone knocked on the door. The Captain opened it to be faced by a large man wearing the blue uniform of a policeman.

"Good-day to you," said the policeman who faced Captain Bristow through the opened door.

"How do you do?" returned the Captain, warmly, shaking hands with him.

"My name is O'Donnell—Officer O'Donnell"—explained the visitor.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. O'Donnell; won't you come in? Is there anything we can do for you?"

Officer O'Donnell stepped in and seated himself on the chair Captain Bristow pointed out for him. He seemed rather ill at ease, and restlessly turned his cap in his hands. He appeared to be seeking some way to unburden himself, for evidently speech did not come to him readily.

"Do you Find Folks, Now?"

"I've been told that you find folks; do you, now?" he began. It was very evident that he was a man who was not much given to talk.

"Find folks?" The Captain was at a loss to understand just what the big man meant, and as he echoed the question he had been asked his lack of understanding showed itself in his voice.

"Yes; find folks; you know, people whose family or friends have lost trace of them; I've been told you help to find them."

"Oh, I see!" as the Captain grasped his meaning. "You mean through our 'Missing Persons Department.' Yes, we do something along that line, and I believe that we have been successful in a surprising number of cases. Do you want us to try to find somebody?"

"Yes, that I do, Danny, my boy." Only as he said it, it sounded more like "me boy." "It is nearly five months since he went away. I have written to every go very far, then there is always the possibility of a change in name and appearance. But if you wish us to do so we will try for you."

"Well, I wish you would, then. It's true you may not find him for me, but I'd like for you to have a try anyhow."

(To be continued)

Back Lanes and Garbage-Lined Yards to Lakeside Joy



The Army's Fresh Air Camps will shortly be the Mecca for hundreds of poor mothers and children. Oh, what a time of rejoicing that will be! Think what it means to the worn out, over-tired mother of a large family to move with her children from that hot, reeking tenement building situated in the midst of dusty city streets to the cooling, invigorating breezes at the lakeside.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed and clad, playing around in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change. Oh, boy—Oh, joy. How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health to the "least of these?" You may—the privilege and pleasure are yours.

Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproducing of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2010—William Harrier Hewitt. Age 32, height 5 ft. 7 in. Dark hair, fair complexion. In 1926 was living in Holland, Man. Father, Anglican minister Friend enquiring.

1988—Frank John McKenzie. Fair, brown eyes, for some time was in Home for the Friendless, Winnipeg. Age 14. Mother anxious to locate.

2003—Albrecht Albinus Jensen. Medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, working for farmers. Age 27. Last heard of at Anyot, B.C. Father anxiously enquires.

1968—Thomas Upton Smyth. Age 40, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair and eyes, native of Grumlin Co., Antrim. Has limp. Missing 7 years.

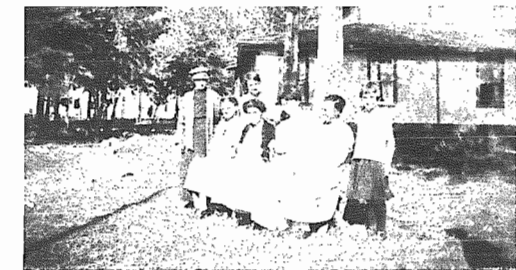
2070—Lars Kruse. Age 33, height 6 ft., weight 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Norway. Last heard from in Vancouver. Brother desires to locate.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Ps. 47:25.

2063—Per Olofsson Berglund. Age 51, Swedish, dark hair, grey eyes, slender build, missing since 1913. Brother anxiously enquires.

2047—Isaac A. Hutchinson. Last heard of in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going overseas. Age 47 years. Should this meet the eye please communicate—sister very anxious to hear from him.

2031—Frank Frederick Winter. Corporal No. 81901. Age 35, height 5 ft. 6½ in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.



2002—Thomas George Hopper. Age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes. Born near Paisley, Ont. Last heard from in Quebec, B.C. Sister enquiring.

2034—Gerard Van Esen. Last heard from at Cereat, Alta. Relatives anxious to hear from him.

2050—James Tildley. Age 55; height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair, turning grey; blue eyes; fair complexion.

2053—Pieter Willem Merckelbach. Age 60, Last wrote from Quebec in 1915, when he resided at 26½ St. Patrick Street. Native of Hartlingen, Holland. It is thought he went to Montreal. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts (or if deceased) is invited to communicate at once.

1927—Ward—Ward. Anyone by the above names who has a missing son of the name of G.W.E. Gordon or William, or a son who was reported missing or killed overseas, may hear surprising news by communicating with Mr. Maude Ward, 10531 126th St. Edmonton, Alta. 2091—Robert Vehus. Age 28; 6 ft. tall; large boned; ruddy complexion; grey eyes; light hair. Last heard from at Coast nine years ago. Mother and home folks anxious to know of his whereabouts.

2077—George Wm. Stott. Age 51; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; grey eyes; fair complexion. Native of Whitnort, Lanc., England. Brother anxious for information.

2033—Jan Cornelia Schuurman. Last heard from at Nikoma, Sask. Relatives anxious for news.

2044—Ola Paulsen. Fair complexion; tall; age 42. Left Norway 1906; went to U.S.A. Last heard of in 1925 at Quensel, B.C. Brother anxiously enquires.

2035—Govett van Mastergen. Last heard from at Enfield, Sask. Relatives seeking information concerning whereabouts.

2048—John R. Hutchinson. Age 49, was working as builder in Vancouver. Sister anxiously enquires.

2030—Adam Edward Williams. Age 55, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Farmer, native of Chepstow, Monmouthshire. Last heard of at Crystal City, Man. Sister is the enquirer.

2029—Daniel Power. Sister in England enquires. Age 54, height 5 ft. 4 in., color of hair dark, dark eyes, dark complexion. Was a land worker. Birthplace Carnon, Liverpool, England. Left for Canada 1888.

2025—Eric Torster Swenson. Born in Naarum, Parish, Kristiansund, Lan., Sweden, the 4th of December, 1907. Came to Nelson, B.C., 1924. Brother in Chicago seeking him.

2023—Mrs. Alice Whitehead nee Alice Jones. Age 56, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair and eyes. Native of High Bebbington, Cheshire. Thought to be with her husband farming in Canada—probably Alberta—Calgary. Sister enquires.

2045—John Victor McCausland. Age 27, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion. Born in Toronto. When last heard of was in Coney Island, New York. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate at once.

1745—Albert or Andrew Anderson. Born in Ser Trondelag, Norway. Medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes and fair complexion, as years of age. Was in Alameda, U.S., 1921. No news will be gratefully received by O. Othman, C.A.S. Robertson, Calgary.

Do not think of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. 27:1.

1926—Sigfred Fahlen. Age 18, height 5 ft., dark brown hair, yellow grey eyes, native of Leidsa, missing since August 1907. Last known address Moose Jaw, Sask. White hairless spot on head. Mother anxious for news.

2075—Neil Eugene Wilson. Last heard of at Darlington, Man., in August, 1906. Height 5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion, dark eyes. Father extremely anxious for news.

2074—Jenn Hansen Christensen. Age 56, born in village of Marie Magdalena, 18, mark. Last heard of at Hartney, Man. Brother enquires.

2073—Akkel Frankens. Age 27, missing, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Salmon. Sister enquiring.

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will send my sheep, and will seek them out. As a Shepherd seeketh out his flock, so will I seek that which was lost, and will bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken." These words were recorded in the Prophet Ezekiel—Chapter 34, 11-16. Are they true to-day, so that it can even be said

God is Looking For You

The Great Commissioning Week-end

LT.COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

With the Staff and Cadets of the Territorial Training Garrison

SATURDAY, SUNDAY and MONDAY, JUNE 23rd to 25th inclusive

IN THE

WINNIPEG RINK (Portage and Langside)

SATURDAY—8 p.m. FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SONG WITH TABLEAUX ILLUSTRATIONS
SUNDAY—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. "A DAY OF SALVATION"

MONDAY—3 p.m.

MONDAY—8 p.m.

A SOLEMN SERVICE OF DEDICATION
COMMISSIONING AND APPOINTING OF CADETS

N.B.—The Saturday night programme will be broadcasted over C.K.Y. (Winnipeg), and by special arrangement with the James Richardson station at Yorkton, Sask., will be relayed from there. Comrades and friends in Manitoba and Saskatchewan—and parts of Alberta—will thus have an opportunity of sharing in the delights of the evening.

